M.

R. Cruikshank, Del. *White, Sc.*

Midas.

Pol. Ah! happy hours! how fleeting
Ye danced on down away,
When, my soft vows repeating,
At Daphne's feet I lay!

Act II, Scene 4.

MIDAS:

A BURLETTA,

In Two Acts,

BY KANE O'HARA.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS, BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL, LONDON.

EMBELLISHED WITH A FINE ENGRAVING,
By Mr. White, from a Drawing taken in the Theatre,
by Mr. R. Cruikshank.

LONDON:

G. H. DAVIDSON, PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS,
BETWEEN ST. PAUL'S AND THAMES STREET.

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REMARKS

Midas.

KANE O'HARA was the very prince of burletta-writers. His *Golden Pippin* is whimsical; his lyrical additions to *Tom Thumb* are every way worthy of that inimitable burlesque; and his *Midas* is the most perfect thing of its kind, in our language. It exhibits a ludicrous assemblage of gods and goddesses; of mortals and immortals. The story of Midas's ears is happily dramatized. His worship appears invested with all his legal attributes; and who shall say that he cuts not a very judicial and respectable figure? He has his little concupiscences, too—a characteristic not uncommon to the bench—*Sergeant Splitbrain*, to wit:

> "All men have had their frailties, since the flood;
> And '*homo sum*,' my lord,—*we're* flesh and blood!"

The true art of burlesque is in making people speak and act out of their proper characters. A love-sick abigail raving in blank verse—a romantic cook, broiling and frying away in heroics—or a magnanimous tailor, exchanging his bodkin and shears for a sword and a truncheon—no gravity can withstand. In like manner, when kings and queens lard their own natural bombast with phrases borrowed from the canting vocabulary, and most unroyally fling their crowns and sceptres at each other's heads, the effect is broad, palpable, and humorous, in the extreme. It is different, when gods and goddesses are introduced on the scene. *Jove*, in his

tantrums, is a good jest; and *Juno* threatening her rake-helly thunderer with *Doctors' Commons*, is another, to those who have a smattering of heathen mythology. But the deities in the gallery, for want of a little insight into those mysteries (which, we hope, the present rage for education will speedily and abundantly supply), cannot fully skim the cream of the joke; and Queen Dollollolla's uplifted bowl of stiff rack punch, and jovial accompaniment, "*Sing rum-ti-iddity, row, row, row!*" are, we dare swear, fifty times more effective than King Jupiter and his termagant queen. Still, by the aid of splendid scenery and fine music, this burletta will always be a favourite with the public; while its literary merits are sure to be appreciated by those who have any conception of wit and humour.

Out-of-the-way rhymes and quaint expressions, when ingeniously associated, are sure to produce a comic effect. Swift was peculiarly adroit in this species of wit, and valued himself on his proficiency. The drollery of these combinations is greatly heightened by their adaptation to familiar and popular tunes. A plaintive air, to a jumble of odd words—a woful ballad of love and sentiment, set to a merry jig, are the queerest things imaginable. Much depends on the mock-gravity with which the business is conducted. If the *dramatis personæ* join in the laugh, the jest is lost. Midas was originally produced, at Covent Garden, as a three-act opera; but an extravaganza in three acts is a redundancy of fun: it was judiciously cut down by the author to its present form; and it proved completely successful.

Kane O'Hara, like his fellow-countryman, O'Keeffe, was, for many years, totally blind. He was greatly ad-

mired for his wit, and taste in music. He died June 17, 1782.

Edwin made his first bow at Covent-Garden Theatre in *Touchstone* and *Midas*. The humour of Touchstone, he did not fully conceive; but his Midas was perfectly *unique*. Since the days of *Ned Shuter*, the town had not enjoyed such an exquisite comic treat. His burletta-singing was the finest ever heard on the stage. Liston *looks* Midas admirably.—The effect of such a physiognomy, enveloped in a huge flowing wig, may be easily conceived;—but Liston cannot *sing*. Mathews is right comical in his worship.—Munden is supreme.—Emery has left no successor behind him in the *publican*, Pan.

The critics are divided as to the respective merits of Mr. Sinclair and Madame Vestris, in Apollo. We like neither the one nor the other. The *gentleman* is too affectedly prim; the *lady* is too knowing and pert. The air, "*Pray Goody*," is almost sufficient to redeem these faults. Sinclair sings it, by many degrees, the best.

☞ D——G.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

The Conductors of this work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from their own personal observations, during the most recent performances.

EXITS and ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; D. F. *Door in Flat*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*; S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; C. D. *Centre Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*; L. C. *Left of Centre*.

R. RC. C. LC. L.

*** *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience*

Costume.

JUPITER.—A crimson and gold coronet, blue velvet and gold shirt, rose-coloured satin robe, black and gold belt, flesh dress, sandals, bracelets, &c.

APOLLO.—First dress. White kerseymere shirt, trimmed with silver; blue drapery, flesh dress, sandals, wreath of laurels, sun on breast. Second dress. Dove-coloured ragged tunic, light hat, and leather belt, russet sandals.

MERCURY.—Silver cap, with wings, blue and silver shirt, white drapery, flesh dress, slippers, and wings to the heels.

PAN.—Dark flesh dress, goat-skin breeches and shoes, wreath of vine-leaves and berries.

BACCHUS.—Flesh dress, leopard-skin shirt, wreath of vine-leaves and berries.

MARS.—Gold helmet, gold leather breastplate and lambrakins, scarlet shirt and robe, flesh dress and sandals.

MIDAS.—Black cocked hat, scarlet feather, and silver lace, a lilac-figured velvet coat, green silk damask waistcoat, richly embroidered; black satin breeches, scarlet stockings.

SILENO.—Large round light hat, drab country coat and breeches, flowered waisteoat, leathern belt.

DAMÆTAS.—Claret cloth jacket, trimmed with yellow; flowered waisteoat, yellow breeches, crimson stockings.

PEASANTS.—Hats and plain tunics.

JUNO.—A gold coronet, a silver tissue dress, scarlet and gold robe, flesh-coloured stockings, and sandals.

VENUS.—A silver tissue dress, blue drapery with stars, flesh dress and sandals, silver bandeau.

MINERVA.—Helmet and breastplate, scarlet robe, and spangled dress, sandals.

DIANA.—Green dress, trimmed with gold; leopard-skin, flesh dress, and sandals.

HEBE.—Spangled dress, blue drapery.

THREE GRACES.—White dresses, with wreaths of flowers; pink drapery.

CUPID.—Silver dress, wreath of flowers, wings, and flesh dress.

NYSA AND DAPHNE.—White dresses, trimmed with green and pink.

MYSIS.—An old English velvet hat, a black jacket, trimmed with point, a point apron, scarlet petticoat, trimmed with point; scarlet shoes.

PEASANTS.—Coloured dresses.

Cast of the characters at the Theatre-Royal, Haymarket, 1825.

Jupiter ..... Mr Ebsworth.	*Juno* ..... Miss A. Jones.
Apollo ..... Madame Vestris.	*Venus* ..... Miss Clare.
Pan ..... Mr. W. West.	*Cupid* ..... Miss M. Ebsworth.
Mercury .... Mr. Coates.	*Minerva* .... Mrs. Coveney.
Bacchus .... Mr. Jones.	*Diana* ..... Mrs. W. Johnson.
Mars ..... Mr. Vaughan.	*Hebe* ..... Miss Fairbrother.
Midas ..... Mr. Liston.	*Mysis* ..... Mrs. C. Jones.
Damætas ... Mr. Huckel.	*Nysa* ..... Miss George.
Sileno ..... Mr. Pyne.	*Daphne* ..... Mrs. Waylett.

MIDAS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The curtain rising discovers the heathen deities seated amidst the clouds, in full council. They address* JUPITER *in the following chorus.*

CHORUS OF ALL THE GODS.

Jove, in his chair,
Of the sky lord-mayor,
With his nods
Men and gods
Keeps in awe ;
When he winks,
Heaven shrinks ;
When he speaks,
Hell squeaks ;
Earth's globe is but his taw
Cock of the school,
He bears despotic rule ;
His word,
Though absurd,
Must be law.
Even Fate,
Though so great,
Must not prate ;
His bald pate
Jove would cuff,
He's so bluff,
For a straw.
Cow'd deities,
Like mice in cheese,
To stir must cease,
Or gnaw

Jup. [*Rising.*] Immortals, you have heard your plaintive sovereign,
And culprit Sol's high crimes. Shall we who govern,
Brook spies upon us? Shall Apollo trample
On our commands? We'll make him an example.
As for you, Juno, curb your prying temper, or
We'll make you, to your cost, know—we're your emperor.

Juno. I'll take the law.—[*To* JUPITER.]—My proctor, with a summons,
Shall cite you, sir, t' appear at Doctors' Commons.

Jup. Let him—but first I'll chase from heaven you varlet.

Juno. What, for detecting you and your vile harlot!

AIR.—JUNO.

Think not, lewd Jove,
Thus to wrong my chaste love;
For, spite of your rakehelly godhead,
By day and by night,
Juno will have her right,
Nor be of dues nuptial defrauded.
I'll ferret the haunts
Of your female gallants;—
In vain you in darkness enclose them:
Your favourite jades
I'll plunge to the shades,
Or into cows metamorphose them.

Jup. Peace, termagant!—I swear by Styx, our thunder
Shall hurl him to the earth. Nay, never wonder,
I've sworn it, gods.

Apollo. Hold, hold, have patience,
Papa.—No bowels for your own relations!

AIR.—APOLLO.

Be by your friends advised.
Too harsh, too hasty dad!
Maugre your bolts and wise head,
The world will think you mad.
What worse can Bacchus teach men,
His roaring bucks, when drunk,
Than break the lamps, beat watchmen,
And stagger to some punk?

Jup. You saucy scoundrel—there, sir. [*Strikes him.*]
—Come, disorder,

Down, Phœbus, down to earth, we'll hear no further.
Roll, thunders, roll ; blue lightnings flash about him :
The blab shall find our sky can do without him.—

[*Thunder and lightning.* JUPITER *darts a bolt at him ; he falls.*—JUPITER *re-assumes his throne ; and the gods all ascend together, singing the initial Chorus,* "*Jove in his chair,*" *&c.*

SCENE II.—*A champaign country, with a distant village.—Violent storm of thunder and lightning.—A Shepherd, sleeping in the field, is roused by it, and runs off,* L., *frightened, leaving his cloak, hat, and guitar behind him.*

[APOLLO, *as cast from heaven, falls to the earth, with a rude shock, and lies for awhile stunned ; at length he begins to move, rises, advances, and, looking forward, speaks.*]

Apol. Zooks ! what a crush ! a pretty decent tumble!
Kind usage, Mr. Jove—sweet sir, your humble.
Well, down I am ;—no bones broke, though sore pepper'd !
Here doom'd to stay.—What can I do ?—turn shepherd ?— [*Puts on the cloak, &c.*
A lucky thought !—In this disguise, Apollo
No more, but Pol the swain, some flock I'll follow.
Nor doubt I, with my voice, guitar, and person,
Among the nymphs to kick up some diversion.

Enter SILENO, L.

Sil. Whom have we here? a sightly clown !—and sturdy :
Hum—plays, I see, upon the hurdy-gurdy.
Seems out of place—a stranger—all in tatters ;
I'll hire him—he'll divert my wife and daughters.
Whence, and what art thou, boy ?
Pol. An orphan lad, sir.
Pol is my name—a shepherd once my dad, sir.
I' th' upper parts, here—though not born to serving,
I'll now take on, for, faith, I'm almost starving.
Sil. You've drawn a prize i' th' lottery—so have I too ;
Why, I'm the master you could best apply to.

DUET.—APOLLO *and* SILENO.

Sil. Since you mean to hire for service,
Come with me, you jolly dog;
You can help to bring home harvest,
Tend the sheep, and feed the hog.
Fal, lal, la.

With three crowns, your standing wages,
You shall daintily be fed;
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
Buttermilk, and oaten bread.
Fal, lal, la.

Come, strike hands, you'll live in clover,
When we get you once at home;
And when daily labour's over,
We'll dance to your strum-strum.
Fal, lal, la.

Pol. I strike hands, I take your offer,
Farther on I may fare worse;
Zooks! I can no longer suffer
Hungry guts and empty purse.
Fal, lal, la.

Sil Do strike hands; 'tis kind I offer;
Pol. I strike hands, and take your offer;
Sil. Farther seeking, you'll fare worse;
Pol. Farther on I may fare worse.
Sil. Pity such a lad should suffer,
Pol. Zooks! I can no longer suffer,
Sil. Hungry guts and empty purse,
Pol. Hungry guts and empty purse.
Fal, lal, la.

[*Exeunt*, L., *dancing and singing.*

SCENE III.—*Sileno's Farm-house.*

Enter DAPHNE *and* NYSA, R.

Daph. But, Nysa, how goes on 'Squire Midas's courtship?

Nysa. Your sweet Damætas, pimp to his great worship,
Brought me from him a purse; but the conditions—
I've cured him, I believe, of such commissions.

Daph. The moon-calf! This must blast him with my father.

Nysa. Right; so we're rid of the two frights together.

Both. Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!

Enter MYSIS, L.

Mysis. Hey-day! what mare's nest's found?—For ever grinning!
Ye rantipoles—is't thus you mind your spinning?
[*Crosses to* C.

AIR.—MYSIS.

Girls are known
To mischief prone,
If ever they be idle;
Who would rear
Two daughters fair,
Must hold a steady bridle;
For here they skip,
And there they trip,
And this and that way sidle.
Giddy maids,
Poor silly jades,
All after men are gadding;
They flirt pell-mell
Their train to swell,
To coxcomb, coxcomb adding:
To every fop
They're cock-a-hoop,
And set their mothers madding.

Enter SILENO, *introducing* POL, L.

Sil. Now, dame and girls, no more let's hear you grumble
At too hard toil;—I chanced just now to stumble
On this stout drudge—and hired him—fit for labour.
[*Puts him over.*
To 'em, lad—then he can play, and sing, and caper.
Mysis. Fine rubbish to bring home! a strolling thrummer!
What art thou good for? speak, thou ragged mummer!
[*To* POL.

Nysa. Mother, for shame!—
Mysis. Peace, saucebox, or I'll maul you.
Pol. Goody, my strength and parts you undervalue;
For his and your work, I am brisk and handy.
Daph. A sad cheat else—
Mysis. What you, you jack-a-dandy?

AIR.—Pol.

Pray, goody, please to moderate the rancour of your tongue:
Why flash those sparks of fury from your eyes?
Remember, when the judgment's weak, the prejudice is strong:
A stranger why will you despise?
Ply me,
Try me,
Prove ere you deny me:
If you cast me
Off, you blast me,
Never more to rise.
Pray, goody, &c.

Mysis. Sirrah, this insolence deserves a drubbing.
Nysa. With what sweet temper he bears all her snubbing!
Sil. Oons, no more words.—Go, boy, and get your dinner. [*Exit* Pol, R.
Fie! why so cross-grain'd to a young beginner?
Nysa. So modest!
Daph. So genteel!
Sil. [*To* Mysis.] Not pert, nor lumpish.
Mysis. Would he were hang'd!
Nysa & Daph. La! mother, why so frumpish?

QUARTETTO.

Nysa. Mamma, how can you be so ill-natured
To the gentle, handsome swain?
Daph. To a lad so limb'd, so featured,
Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.
Sure 'tis cruel, &c.
Mysis. Girls, for you my fears perplex me;
I'm alarm'd on your account:
Sil Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me—
I will rule, depend upon't.
Nysa. Ah! ah!
Daph. Mamma!
Nysa. Mamma, how can you be so ill-natured?
Daph. Ah! ah! to a lad so limb'd and featured?
Nysa. To the gentle, handsome swain.
Daph. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain;
Nysa. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain;
Daph. To the gentle, handsome swain.

Mysis. Girls, for you my fears perplex me ;
I'm alarm'd on your account :
Sil. Wife, in vain you teaze and vex me—
I will rule, depend upon't.
Nysa. Mamma !
Mysis. Pshaw ! pshaw !
Daph. Papa !
Sil. Ah ! ah !
Daph. Mamma, how can you be so ill-natured ?
Sil. Pshaw ! pshaw ! you must not be so ill-natured !
Nysa. Ah ! ah ! to a lad so limb'd, so featured ?
Daph. To the gentle, handsome swain.
Sil. He's a gentle, handsome swain.
Nysa. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.
Mysis. 'Tis my pleasure to give pain.
Daph. Sure 'tis cruel to give pain.
Sil. He's a gentle, handsome swain.
Nysa. To the gentle, handsome swain.
Mysis. To your odious, fav'rite swain. [*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE IV.—*Midas's House.*

Enter MIDAS *and* DAMÆTAS, L.

Mid. Nysa, you say, refused the guineas British ?
Dam. Ah ! please your worship, she is wondrous skittish.
Mid. I'll have her, cost what 'twill. Odsbobs, I'll force her—
Dam. The halter—
Mid. As for madam—I'll divorce her.
Some favour'd lout *incog.* our bliss opposes.
Dam. Ay, Pol, the hind, puts out of joint our noses.
Mid. I've heard of that Pol's tricks—of his sly tampering
To fling poor Pan ; but I'll soon send him scampering :
'Sblood, I'll commit him—drive him to the gallows !
Where is old Pan ?
Dam. Tippling, sir, at th' alehouse.
Mid. Run fetch him—we shall hit on some expedient,
To rout this Pol.
Dam. I fly ;—[*Going, returns.*]—sir, your obedient.
[*Exit*, L.

Mid. What boots my being 'squire,
Justice of peace, and quorum;
Churchwarden, knight o' the shire,
And custos rotulorum;
If saucy little Nysa's heart, rebellious,
My 'squireship slights, and hankers after fellows?

AIR.—MIDAS.

Shall a paltry clown, not fit to wipe my shoes,
Dare my amours to cross?
Shall a peasant minx, when justice Midas woos,
Her nose up at him toss?
No: I'll kidnap—then possess her:
I'll sell her Pol a slave, get mundungus in exchange;
So glut to the height of pleasure,
My love and my revenge.
No: I'll kidnap, &c. [*Exit.* R.

SCENE V.—*A Village Alehouse Door.*

PAN *is discovered sitting at a table, with a tankard, pipes, and tobacco, before him; his bagpipes lying by him.*

AIR.—PAN.

Jupiter wenches and drinks,
He rules the roast in the sky;
Yet he's a fool if he thinks
That he's as happy as I;
Juno rates him,
And grates him,
And leads his highness a weary life;
I have my lass,
And my glass,
And stroll a bachelor's merry life.
Let him fluster,
And bluster,
Yet cringe to his harridan's furbelow;
To my fair tulips,
I glue lips,
And clink the cannikin here below

Enter DAMÆTAS, L.

Dam. There sits the old soaker, his pate troubling little
How the world wags, so he gets drink and vittle.—
Hoa, master Pan—'Gad, you've trod on a thistle!
You may pack up your all, sir, and go whistle.
The wenches have turn'd tail—to yon buck ranter;
Tickled by his guitar—they scorn your chanter.

AIR.—DAMÆTAS.

All around the maypole how they trot.
Hot
Pot,
And good ale have got;
Routing,
Shouting,
At you flouting,
Fleering,
Jeering,
And what not.

There is old Sileno frisks like a mad
Lad,
Glad
To see us sad:
Cap'ring,
Vap'ring;
While Pol, scraping,
Coaxes
The lasses
As he did the dad.
Round about, &c. [*Exit*, R.

Enter MYSIS, L.

Mysis. O Pan! the devil to pay, both my sluts frantic!
Both in their tantrums, for yon cap'ring antic.
But I'll go seek 'em all—and if I find 'em,
I'll drive 'em—as if Old Nick were behind 'em.
[*Going*, R.

Pan. Soa, soa,—don't flounce;
Avast—disguise your fury.
Pol we shall trounce;
Midas is judge and jury.

AIR.—Mysis.

Sure I shall run with vexation distracted,
To see my purposes thus counteracted!
This way or that way, or which way soever,
All things run contrary to my endeavour.
Daughters projecting
Their ruin and shame,
Fathers neglecting
The care of their fame;
Nursing in bosom a treacherous viper;
Here's a fine dance!—but 'tis he pays the piper.
[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE VI.—*A Wood and Lawn near Sileno's Farm.*

A tender slow symphony.—Enter Daphne, L., *crosses, melancholy and silent; and exit*, R., Nysa *watching her.*

Nysa. O ho! is it so—Miss Daphne in the dumps?
Mum—snug's the word—I'll lead her such a dance
Shall make her stir her stumps.
To all her secret haunts,
Like a shadow I'll follow and watch her;
And, faith, mamma shall hear on't if I catch her.
[*Retires*, R.

Re-enter Daphne, R. U. E.

Daph. La! how my heart goes pit-a-pat! what thumping,
E'er since my father brought us home this bumpkin!

AIR.—Daphne.

He's as tight a lad to see to,
As e'er stept in leather shoe;
And what's better, he'll love me too,
And to him I'll prove true blue.
Though my sister cast a hawk's eye,
I defy what she can do;
He o'erlook'd the little doxy,—
I'm the girl he means to woo.
Hither I stole out to meet him,
He'll no doubt my steps pursue;
If the youth prove true, I'll fit him:
If he's false—I'll fit him too.

Enter POL, L.

Pol. Think o' the devil—'tis said,
He's at your shoulder—
This wench was running in my head,
And pop—behold her.

AIR.—POL.

Lovely nymph, assuage my anguish:
At your feet a tender swain,
Prays you will not let him languish;
One kind look would ease his pain.
Did you know the lad who courts you,
He not long needs sue in vain:
Prince of song, of dance, of sports—you
Scarce will meet his like again.

Daph. Sir, you're such an olio
Of perfection in folio,
No damsel can resist you;
Your face so attractive,
Limbs so supple and active,
That, by this light,
At the first sight,
I could have run and kiss'd you.

AIR.—DAPHNE.

If you can caper as well as you modulate,
With the addition of that pretty face,
Pan, who was held by our shepherds a god o' late,
Will be kick'd out, and you set in his place.
His beard so frowzy, his gestures so awkward are,
And his bagpipe has so drowsy a drone,
That if they find you, as I did, no backwarder,
You may count on all the girls as your own.

Mysis. [*From within.*] Pol, Pol, make haste, come hither.

Pol. Death! what a time to call!
Oh! rot your old lungs of leather!
B'ye, Daph.

Daph. B'ye, Pol. [*Exit* POL, L.

Enter NYSA, R. U. E.

Nysa. Marry come up, forsooth,
Is't me, you forward vixen,
You choose to play your tricks on?

And could your liquorish tooth
Find none but my sweetheart to fix on?

Daph. Marry come up again,
Indeed, my dirty cousin!
Have you a right to every swain?

Mysa. Ay, though a dozen.

DUET.—DAPHNE *and* NYSA.

Daph. My minikin miss, do you fancy that Pol
Can ever be caught by an infant's doll?

Nysa. Can you, miss Maypole, suppose he will fall
In love with the giantess of Guildhall?

Daph. Pigmy elf,

Nysa. Colossus itself,

Both. You will lie till you're mouldy upon the shelf.

Daph. You stump o' th' gutter, you hop o' my thumb,
A husband for you must from Lilliput come.

Nysa. You stalking steeple, you gawky stag,
Your husband must come from Brobdignag.

Daph. Sour grapes,

Nysa. Lead apes;

Both. I'll humble your vanity, mistress Trapes.

Daph. Miss, your assurance,

Nysa. And, miss, your high airs,

Daph. Is past all endurance—

Nysa. Are at their last pray'rs.

Daph. No more of these freedoms, miss Nysa, I beg.

Nysa. Miss Daphne's conceit must be lower'd a peg.

Daph. Poor spite!

Nysa. Pride hurt!

Daph. Liver white!

Nysa. Rare sport!

Daph. Do show your teeth, spitfire, do, but you can't bite;

Nysa. This haughtiness soon will be laid in the dirt.
Poor spite, &c.
Pride hurt, &c. [*Exeunt*, L., *squabbling*.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A Grove.*

Enter NYSA, L., *followed by* MIDAS.

Mid. Turn, tigress, turn; nay, fly not—
I have thee at a why not.
How comes it, little Nysy,
That heart to me so icy
Should be to Pol like tinder,
Burnt up to a very cinder?

Nysa. Sir, to my virtue ever steady:
Firm as a rock,
I scorn your shock;
But why this attack?
A miss can you lack
Who have a wife already?

Mid. Ay, ay, there's the curse—but she is old and sickly;
And would my Nysa grant the favour quickly,
Would she yield now—I swear, by the lord Harry,
The moment madam's coffin'd—her I'll marry

AIR.—MIDAS.

O what pleasures will abound,
When my wife is laid in ground!
Let earth cover her,
We'll dance over her,
When my wife is laid in ground.
Oh, how happy should I be,
Would little Nysa pig with me!
How I'd mumble her,
Touze and tumble her,
Would little Nysa pig with me!

Nysa. Young birds alone are caught with chaff;
At your base scheme I laugh.
Mid. Yet take my vows.
Nysa. I would not take your bond, sir,—
Mid Half my estate—

Nysa. No, nor the whole—my fond sir. [*Exit*, R.
Mid. Well, master Pol I'll tickle,
For him, at least, I have a rod in pickle:
When he's in limbo,
Not thus our hoity-toity miss
Will stick her arms a-kimbo.

Enter PAN, L.

Pan. So, squire, well met—I flew to know your business.
Mid. Why, Pan, this Pol, we must bring him on his knees.
Pan. That were a feat indeed;—a feat to brag on.
Mid. Let's home—we'll there concert it o'er a flagon;
I'll make him skip—
Pan. As St. George did the dragon. [*Exeunt*, L.

SCENE II.—*A Lawn before Midas's house.*

Enter NYSA, R.

Nysa. Good lack! what is come o'er me?
Daphne has stepp'd before me!
Envy and love devour me.
Pol dotes upon her phiz hard!
'Tis that sticks in my gizzard.
Midas appears now twenty times more hideous:
Ah, Nysa, what resource?—a cloister.
Death alive—yet thither must I run,
And turn a nun,
Prodigious!

AIR.—NYSA.

In these greasy old tatters
His charms brighter shine:
Then his guitar he clatters
With tinkling divine;
But my sister,
Ah! he kiss'd her,
And me he pass'd by:
I'm jealous
Of the fellow's
Bad taste and blind eye. [*Exit* L.

SCENE III.—*Midas's Parlour.*

MIDAS, MYSIS, *and* PAN, *discovered in consultation over a large bowl of punch, pipes, and tobacco*

Mid. Come, Pan, your toast.
Pan. Here goes our noble umpire.
Mysis. And Pol's defeat—I'll pledge it in a bumper.
Mid. Hang him! in every scheme that whelp has cross'd us.
Mysis. Sure he's the devil himself;
Pan. Or Doctor Faustus.
Mysis. Ah, 'squire—for Pan would you but stoutly stickle,
This Pol would soon be in a wretched pickle.
Pan. You reason right—
Mid. His toby I shall tickle.
Mysis. Look, 'squire, I've sold my butter; here the price is
At your command, do but this job for Mysis.
Count 'em—six guineas and an old Jacobus;
Keep Pan, and shame that scape-grace coram nobis.
Mid. Goody, as 'tis your request,
I pocket this here stuff;
And as for that there peasant,
Trust me, I'll work his buff.
At the musical struggle
I'll bully and juggle;
My award 's
Your sure card;
'Sblood! he shall fly his country—that's enough.
Pan. Well said, my lad of wax.
Mid. Let's end the tankard;
I have no head for business till I've drank hard.
Pan. Nor have my guts brains in them till they're addle:
When I'm most rocky, I best sit my saddle.
Mid. Well, come, let's take one bouze, and roar a catch,
Then part to our affairs.—
Pan. A match!
Mysis. A match!

TRIO.—MIDAS, PAN, *and* MYSIS.

Mid. Master Pol
And his toll de roll loll,
I'll buffet away from the plain, sir.

Pan. And I'll assist
Your worship's fist
With all my might and main, sir.
Mysis. And I'll have a thump,
Though he is so plump,
And makes such a wounded racket.
Mid. I'll bluff,
Pan. I'll rough,
Mysis. I'll huff,
Mid. I'll cuff,
All. And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.
Mid. For all his cheats,
And wenching feats,
He shall rue on his knees 'em;
Or skip, by goles,
As high as Paul's,
Like ugly witch on besom.
Arraign'd he shall be,
Of trason to me!
Pan. And I with my davy will back it.
I'll swear,
Mid. I'll snare,
Mysis. I'll tear,
All. O rare!
And I'll warrant we pepper his jacket.

[*Exeunt*, R.

SCENE IV.—*A Landscape.*

Enter SILENO *and* DAMÆTAS, L., *in warm argument.*

Sil. My Daph, a wife for thee; the 'squire's base pander!
To the plantations sooner would I send her.
Dam. Sir, your good wife approved my offers.
Sil. Name her not, hag of Endor!
What knew she of thee but thy coffers?
Dam. And shall this ditch-born whelp, this jack-an-apes,
By dint of congees and of scrapes—
Sil. These are thy slanders and that canker'd hag's—
Dam. A thing made up of pilfer'd rags:
Sil. Richer than thou, with all thy brags
Of flocks, and herds, and money bags.

DUET.—SILENO *and* DAMÆTAS.

Sil. If a rival thy character draw,
In perfection he'll find out a flaw;
With black he will paint,
Make a de'il of a saint,
And change to an owl a macaw.
Dam. Can a father pretend to be wise,
Who his friend's good advice would despise?
Who, when danger is nigh,
Throws his spectacles by,
And blinks through a green girl's eyes?
Sil. You're an impudent pimp and a grub.
Dam. You are fool'd by a beggarly scrub;
Your betters you snub.
Sil. Who will lend me a club,
This insolent puppy to drub?
You're an impudent pimp and a grub!
Dam. You're cajoled by a beggarly scrub,
Sil. Who will rot in a powdering tub,
Dam. Whom the prince of impostors I dub;
Sil. A guinea for a club!
Dam. You're bald pate you'll rub,
Sil. This muckworm to drub.
Dam. When you find that your cub,
Sil. Rub off, sirrah, rub, sirrah, rub.
Dam. Is debauch'd by a whipp'd syllabub.

Enter MYSIS, L., *attended by* DAPHNE *and* NYSA.

Mysis. Soh! you attend the trial:—we shall drive hence
Your vagabond—
Sil. I smoke your foul contrivance.
Daph. Ah, Nys, our fate depends upon this issue.
Nysa. Daph—for your sake my claim I here forego,
And with your Pol much joy I wish you.
Daph. O, gemini, say'st thou me so?
Dear creature, let me kiss you.
Nysa. Let's kneel, and beg his stay, papa will back us.
Daph. Mamma will storm.
Nysa. What then! she can but whack us.

QUINTETTO.

DAPHNE, NYSA, MYSIS, SILENO, *and* DAMÆTAS.

Daph. Mother, sure you never
Will endeavour

To dissever
From my favour
So sweet a swain;
None so clever
E'er trod the plain.

Nysa. Father, hopes you gave her;
Don't deceive her.
Can you leave her
Sunk for ever
In pining care?
Haste, and save her
From black despair.

Daph. Think of his modest grace,
His voice, shape, and face;

Nysa. Hearts alarming,

Daph. Bosoms warming,

Nysa. Wrath disarming,

Daph. With his soft lay:

Nysa. He's so charming,
Ay, let him stay.

Both. He's so charming, &c.

Mysis. Sluts, are you lost to shame?

Sil. Wife, wife, be more tame.

Mysis. This is madness!

Sil. Sober sadness!

Mysis. I with gladness
Could see him swing,
For his badness.

Sil. 'Tis no such thing.

Dam. Must Pan resign to this fop his employment?
Must I to him yield of Daph the enjoyment?

Mysis. Ne'er while a tongue I brandish,
Fop outlandish
Daph shall blandish.

Dam. Will you reject my income
Herds and clinkum?

Sil. Rot and sink 'em!

Dam. Midas must judge.

Mysis. And Pol must fly.

Sil. Zounds, Pol sha'n't budge:

Mysis. You lie.

Dam. You lie.

Mysis.
Dam. } You lie, you lie.
Sil.

Enter MIDAS, L., *enraged, attended by a crowd of Nymphs and Swains.*

Mid. Peace, ho! Is hell broke loose? what means this jawing?
Under my very nose this clapper-clawing!

AIR.—MIDAS.

What the devil's here to do,
Ye loggerheads and gipsies?
Sirrah you, and hussy you,
And each of you tipsy is;
But I'll as sure pull down your pride as
A gun, or as I'm justice Midas.
Chorus. O, tremendous justice Midas!
Who shall oppose wise justice Midas?

AIR.—MIDAS.

I'm given to understand, that you are all in a pother here,
Disputing whether Pan or Pol shall pipe to you another year.
Do you think your clumsy ears so proper to decide as
The delicate ears of justice Midas?
Chorus. O, tremendous, &c.

Mid. So, you allow it, then—ye mobbish rabble?—

Enter POL, R., *and* PAN, L.

Oh, here comes Pol and Pan—now stint your gabble.
Fetch my great chair—I'll quickly end this squabble.

AIR.

Now I'm seated,
I'll be treated
Like the Sophi on his throne;
In my presence,
Scoundrel peasants
Shall not call their souls their own.
" My behest is,*
" He who best is,

* The lines marked with inverted commas are *sometimes* omitted.

"Shall be fix'd musician chief;"
Ne'er the loser
Shall show nose here,
But be transported like a thief.

Chorus. O tremendous, &c.

Dam. Masters, will you abide by this condition?
Pan. I ask no better.
Pol. I'm all submission.
Pan. Strike up, sweet sir.
Pol. Sir, I attend your leisure.
Mid. Pan, take the lead.
Pan. Since 'tis your worship's pleasure.

AIR.

A plague on your pother about this or that,
Your shrieking or squeaking, a sharp or a flat:
I'm sharp by my bumpers, you're a flat, master Pol;
So here goes a set-to at toll de roll loll.

"When beauty her rack of poor lovers would hamper,
"And after miss Will-o'the-Wisp the fools scamper;
"Ding dong, in sing song, they the lady extol:
"Pray what's all this fuss for, but—toll de roll loll?"

Mankind are a medley—a chance-medley race:
All start in full cry, to give dame Fortune chase:
There's catch as catch can, hit or miss, luck is all,
And luck's the best tune of life's toll de roll loll.
I've done, please your worship, 'tis rather too long!

Mid. Not at all.

I only meant life is but an old song:
The world's but a tragedy, comedy, droll;
Where all act the scene of toll de roll loll.

Peasants. A Pan!—a Pan!
Mid. By jingo, well perform'd for one of his age;
Now, hang-dog, don't you blush to show your visage?
Pol. Why, master Midas, for that matter,
'Tis enough to dash one,
To hear the arbitrator,
In such unseemly fashion,
One of the candidates bespatter,
With so much partial passion.

[*Midas falls asleep.*

AIR.—Pol.

Ah, happy hours, how fleeting,
Ye danced on down away ;
When, my soft vows repeating,
At Daphne's feet I lay !
But from her charms when sunder'd,
As Midas' frowns presage,
Each hour will seem an hundred,
Each day appear an age.

Peasants. A Pol ! a Pol !—a Pan ! a Pan !
Mid. Silence—this just decree, all, at your peril,
Obedient hear—else I shall use you very ill.

THE DECREE.

Pan shall remain,—
Pol quit the plain.

Chorus. O, tremendous, &c.

Mid. All bow with me to mighty Pan—enthrone him—
No pouting—and with festal chorus crown him—
[*The crowd form two ranks beside the chair, and join in the Chorus. whilst* Midas *crowns him with bays. He is then carried round the stage, the dancers leading the way to the Chorus.*]

Chorus. See triumphant sits the bard,
Crown'd with bays, his due reward ;
Exiled Pol shall wander far ;
Exiled, twang his faint guitar ;
While with echoing shouts of praise,
We the bagpipe's glory raise.

Mid. 'Tis well.—What keeps you here, you ragamuffin ? Go trudge—or do you wait for a good cuffing ?
Pol. Now all attend—
[*Throws off his disguise, and appears as* Apollo.
The wrath of Jove, for rapine,
Corruption, lust, pride, fraud, there's no escaping.
Tremble, thou wretch ! thou stretch'd thy utmost tether ;
Thou and thy tools shall go to pot together.

AIR.—Pol.

Dunce, I did but sham,
For Apollo I am,
God of music, and king of Parnass ;

Thy scurvy decree,
For Pan against me,
I reward with the ears of an ass.
[MIDAS's *wig falls off, and he appears with the ears of an ass.*

" *Mid.* Detected, balk'd, and small,
" On our marrow-bones we fall.
" *Mysis.* Be merciful.
" *Dam.* Be pitiful.
" *Mid.* Forgive us, mighty Sol.—Alas! alas!

FINALE.—APOLLO.

" Thou, a Billingsgate queen; [*To* MYSIS.
" Thou, a pandar obscene, [*To* DAMÆTAS.
" With strumpets and bailiffs shalt class:
" Thou, driven from man, [*To* MIDAS.
" Shalt wander with Pan;
" He a stinking old goat, thou an ass, an ass, &c.
Be thou 'squire—his estate [*To* SILENO.
To thee I translate.
To you his strong chests, wicked mass;
[*To* DAPHNE *and* NYSA.
Live happy while I,
Recall'd to the sky,
Make all the gods laugh at Midas.

Chorus. Jove in his chair, &c.

THE END.